

SOME SHORT STORIES

Tales and Incidents Out of the Ordinary Heard About Town.

Late Captain Whitsett's Grim Practical Joke—Mr. Shaffer's Night of Terror—Queer Requests.

The late John A. Whitsett was, in his younger days, the perpetrator of various grim, practical jokes, and one particularly successful one is told to this day with a little shiver of terror by those associated with him in the Twenty-sixth Indiana during the war.

It was during that bleak and dreary Arkansas campaign of 1863 that the boys were in camp upon an old battle ground located upon swampy territory. They had been enduring a "spell of weather," with black winds and cold, drizzling rains calculated to turn cold the marrow in one's bones. The whole camp had been wrapped in cheerless gloom for a week and everybody was feeling blue. Whitsett had, by that time, become captain of Company I, and belonged to a mess of young officers who had pitched their tent upon a foundation of logs and turf, built up about two feet from the ground. They had skinned about somewhere and gotten a little sheepskin stove, about the only heater in camp, and the tent was accordingly popular.

On one of the rainy days of the whole miserable period Whitsett walked into the tent, which was fairly well filled with officers, and stood gloomily staring at the stove for a few minutes.

"I don't see any use of living any longer," he finally remarked with an air of desperate doggedness. "We might as well die at once, and easily, as to perish with fever in this infernal swamp." As he said this he deliberately drew from under his cloak a six-pound shell and laid it under the red-hot stove.

The effect was electric. One officer fell to the floor, paralyzed with shock, while the others simply lined out of the tent as the sides or wherever they could force an opening, tumbling upon the ground below. Once at a safe distance, they breathlessly awaited the explosion sure to follow the sudden act. None came, however, and they finally screwed up courage enough to go back to the tent. There they found Whitsett sitting at a table, smoking a corn-cob pipe, with a fellow-officer still lying in a state of coma on the floor, and the shell, now red-hot, reposing upon the stove.

"What do you mean?" demanded one of them. "Have you gone crazy?"

"Nope. But I guess you fellows have. What were you in such a hurry for?"

"But that shell!"

"Humph! It's empty. You're a brave lot of soldiers, ain't you?" and Whitsett never cracked a smile. He had found the shell empty, and he had replaced it with a cap before laying it on the stove.

When a half dozen police officers seat themselves about a comfortable blaze on a chilly night there are usually as many harrowing, hair-raising stories to follow the sitting. A night or two ago the blue-coats were intent on a series of narratives of long ago when Indianapolis used to be a bad city. The officers were enjoying the hospitality of the sergeant's room at headquarters, and were spinning some horrors. Shaffer, the little man who operates the telephone, was an intent listener, but finally he grew disgusted with what he termed the "tame nature" of the remarks about old times, and delivered himself thusly:

"The most horrible night I ever spent around this place lasted about twenty minutes, but to me it was twenty years. 'Way back yonder, fifteen years ago, I was desk sergeant, telephone man and turnkey in one. We had no patrol wagon then, and kept no officers about the station. The only people I ever saw during the night was an occasional policeman who came in with a prisoner and then left immediately. The occasion to which I allude was on Saturday night. I'll never forget it. That afternoon a demented woman had been brought in and placed in one of the female wards. That night some officer ran in a couple of young girls for being drunk, and stupidly locked them up with the crazy woman. There was no trouble until about midnight, when I heard one of the girls screaming and crying for help. I ran up stairs to the door of the cell and saw the trouble. The girls had grown sober enough to realize that they were locked up with a bad case of insanity, and were nearly frightened to death. The poor, unbalanced creature was a big, stout woman, and I saw instantly by the glare in her eyes that it wouldn't do to leave those girls with her. The young women had pleaded to be moved to another cell, and I was in a quandary. Being all alone, I hesitated about making the change for fear the one who had been brought in would be frightened by the change while I was transferring them, but a sudden violent demonstration on the part of the crazy woman decided the matter. I made the girls promise that they would not attempt to escape, and then opened the cell door and the big woman disappeared through the aperture. Luckily, her foot caught on the casement, and with a bound I found myself in the arms of the screaming and suspended outside, head downward. Out in the hall I saw the other prisoners, both of whom had ample opportunity to escape. I had held of one foot of the crazy woman and she was gnawing to grow heavy. I undertook to pull her in, but found that I might as well attempt to lift a horse. I saw the door from the window to the court below was fully twenty feet. The court was paved with stone, and I saw that if I let the woman go she would drop her brains would be dashed out. The minutes passed, and heavier grew the load. I said, 'This is the end of me, but I'll live longer. Gentlemen, I lived about five years during those few minutes. Then I began to yell for a human life, and the door opened up, but no answer. Another five minutes were away, and I felt the foot of the suspended woman on my head. At this moment I uttered a scream that an Indian might be proud of, and it was answered by the sergeant's voice. He had just stepped into the hall down stairs. He helped me out of the trouble. Since that time, gentlemen, I have been particularly respectful to the sergeants of this force. To me the bit of white strap on the sergeant's arm is a sign of insignia of nobility, if you please."

She is a dainty little lady who looks well after the ways of her household, but she has one peculiarity that sometimes causes complications. She is absent-minded. The other day, with the help of her sister, she was preparing her house for the reception of company, and was arranging the furniture with a view to producing the most telling effect on the coming guests. A lighted lamp in one corner of the sitting room seemed likely to be effective.

"Stand here and hold the lamp, sister, while I go in the parlor and see how it looks," said she, with her head on one side and an anxious expression. Then she crossed the hall, entered the parlor and was gone.

After a moment the sister, grown weary of holding a heavy lamp, followed and found her absorbed in a new book and oblivious of guests or her impressions.

One morning, not long since, her husband, a newspaper man, who does not mix with the lark, opened his eyes at the accustomed hour of 11 a. m., and discovered his small daughter playing about the room in a state of nature.

"Where's mamma?" he inquired.

"Gone—long time," was the reply.

Papa speedily went in search of his wife and found her engaged in watering her flowers.

"There! I knew there was something I must do," she exclaimed, turning up her hands with a despairing gesture. "I went to the kitchen for some water in which to give baby a bath, and I saw the flowers needed watering and—I forgot baby."

But her husband comforted her by the assurance that she wasn't so absent-minded after all, for baby was only another flower and the chance of thought was natural.

Cicero Seybert, one of the oldest freemen in Indianapolis, was the victim of his clothes last Saturday night. The old man has charge of the big engine at headquarters, and when the department was called to the C. H. & I. fire his engine was the

THE NEW YORK STORE

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

Again CASH SPEAKS--A Big Drop in Price--All this Week

CLOAKS.

At \$5.

Five styles of young ladies' fancy cloth Jackets.

At \$7.50.

Nobby Jackets, 30 inches long, full-skirt effects, well made throughout.

At \$9.50.

Beaver Jackets, with collar, 36 inches long, half lined and edged with seal—actually worth \$12.50 as Jackets sell.

At \$10, \$12.50 and \$15.

Forty different styles in plain and trimmed Jackets—all the latest ideas in skirt, cape and tight-fitting garments.

SILKS.

At 89c a yard.

Beautiful Black Taffeta Silk, with pretty little figures of black, also other elegant designs, for whole dresses and waists—24 inches wide and \$1.25 quality.

At \$1 and \$1.25 a yard.

Black Satin Duchesse of rich quality, and would be considered good value at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

DRESS GOODS.

At 39c a yard.

All-wool Illuminated Cheviots, 40 inches wide, regular 50c quality.

38-inch all-wool Navy Diagonal Cheviots, new stylish goods and sold usually at 50c.

All-wool Cheviots, half-dollar quality, excellent goods.

At 50c a yard.

40-inch all-wool Black Serge—special fall and winter weight.

At 59c a yard.

42-inch Bourette stripes, all-wool, and have been good sellers at 75c.

At 69c a yard.

46-inch all-wool fine Paris Serges in 600 different shades—the same quality sold elsewhere at 85c.

At \$8.49.

15 Dress Patterns, exclusive designs, excellent quality, and sold for \$12.50.

MILLINERY.

At \$2.29.

A lot of dainty Hats, beautifully trimmed, all new, and sell for \$3.50 anywhere.

At \$3.25 and \$3.75.

Other handsome trimmed Hats, actually worth \$1 apiece more.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

These goods came too soon, by mistake, and we have to market them at prices which will move them out at once.

GOWNS.

Handsomely trimmed, well made and of good materials at \$50c, 59c, 69c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.19. You never saw anything like them at the price.

DRAWERS.

At 25c, 50c and 75c. Only see them.

SKIRTS.

At 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.

You'll pay far more for them later on.

BLANKETS.

At 60c a pair.

White Cotton Blankets, full size, 89c quality.

At \$2.29 a pair.

All-wool Scarlet Blankets, usually sold for \$3.50 a pair.

COTTONS.

For \$1.

22 yards, yard-wide unbleached muslin, 6c quality.

For 19c.

Extra fine Brown Sheetting, 9-4 width, our regular 23c quality.

PRINTS.

At 4½c a yard.

Standard Prints in good assortment of patterns and usually sold at 7c.

At 5c a yard.

Wide fancy Sateens, 15c quality—how about buying it for comfort?

HOSIERY.

At 25c a pair.

Ladies' Black Fleece-lined Hose—some cotton, others balbriggan; also out-sizes, all worth 35c a pair.

FOR MEN.

For 50c.

A good fancy trimmed Night Shirt, Hamburg edging fronts, well made.

For \$1.25 each.

Mens' Camelshair Shirts and Draw-

THE NEW YORK STORE

(Established 1853.)

TURKISH RUGS

On Wednesday morning next we place on exhibition and sale a large assortment of Turkish and Persian modern and antique Rugs, Mats and Carpets. Never before has such an opportunity been offered. To make selections under such favorable circumstances, all are invited, no matter whether you wish to buy or not. The goods will occupy a large space in the carpet room, set apart for the purpose, and plenty of leisure can be taken in making a selection, as this is a private sale.

You will be warmly welcomed here on Wednesday, and cannot fail to be well entertained with such an elegant display.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO

first to arrive. Cicero has a habit of tucking his trousers in his boot leg when his machine responds to an alarm and is also fond of donning an old slouch hat. On Saturday night he was far from looking the gallant he usually is. He was ready for a fight, notwithstanding his rough personal appearance. On arriving at the fire Cicero bethought him that a good idea he decided to make the lay of the land before starting his engine and as the nearest route to the scene of the flames was down on a dark alley he stalked ahead. He hadn't gone far until a brass-buttoned patrolman intercepted his progress and laying a hand on the old man's shoulder turned him about and queried:

"Who are you and what are you doing around here?"

The old fireman realized instantly that the officer had mistaken him for a "vag" and replied:

"Well, I'm just looking around. I ain't nobody and I live where I happen to be."

"Now, don't get smart with me, old man, or I'll beef you," retorted the gallant patrolman, drawing his club from his pocket and waving it in the air.

"I'm not smarting, and the pair were on the point of calling the patrol wagon, when Cicero concluded that he spoke was growing somewhat excessive and revealed his identity. There was no time for explanation.

Many people have an exalted idea of the office of United States marshal. They get the impression that the marshal is a sort of supreme functionary, second only to the President of the United States. They write to the marshal on all sorts of missions, upon affairs over which he has no more control than any citizen in private life.

Some few days ago Marshal Hawkins received the following postal card, dated "National Soldiers' Home," Marion:

"Sir—My pension for the quarter has not yet been paid me, and is now in the hands of the treasurer. I have been waiting for it for some time, but am put off. Will you please demand of the governor of this home that my money be paid to me, or that I be paid in my possession, and I will leave this place. Respectfully yours,

"Company A, Sixty-sixth Ind. Vol."

"This is only a sample of some of the absurd requests we receive," explained the Marshal. "It was a few days ago when a woman came in here with the complaint that her husband was drinking up all his pension money. She wanted us to take the money away from him or get her a divorce. She was not particular which of these we did."

Cal Darnell, the political sage of the Third ward, was indignant as he marched into the City Hall basement the other day. He had heard that Washington street was to be moved.

"What's my luck," he blustered. "To have these banana carts moved off the streets. What's my horse Dobbins going to do? That's what I would like to know. Don't know about my horse? Well, that animal's the most intelligent beast you ever saw. Sometimes when I come down town in the morning, I leave that horse standing on the street, and when I come to look for him he is gone. Yes, sir, gone after a banana wagon. He is a connoisseur on bananas. When the eye of the peddler is off his wagon, Dobbins will just swoop down and down the banana carts and all. One day some brutal peddler left a railroad coupling pin in his wagon and my horse Dobbins nearly choked himself to death."

"Why don't you feed that horse, Cal?" suggested a bystander.

"Oh, you go to grass. You didn't vote for Denny, anyhow," snapped the controller of Kenwood, and then he drifted to another subject.

It is the proper thing for Columbian fair excursionists to be deeply impressed at the first sight of Lake Michigan, but it didn't work that way on the fifteen-year-old boy who was on the Pennsylvania train that reached Chicago last Sunday morning. The lake could be seen in the distance, stretch-

ing away to meet the horizon, and it so happened that a strong wind had rendered the water rather rough. The young man's father called his attention to the lake, and told him what it was. The boy looked at the lake for a minute or so and turned around and exclaimed: "That there's the lake! 'W'y, I been lookin' at that ever so long. I thought it was plowed ground."

The telephone girl called up the office and wanted to know of the innocent police reporter gave it up, and the telephone girl told him "The conductor, of course," and then laughed so sardonically and witheringly that the man who was the phragm of the receiver shriveled up like a morning glory under a frost.

"Now," said Jim Coy the other day, "Joseph Moores in Canada and T. P. Haughey is charged with robbing his bank, why can't they give Bernheimer and me the two vacancies on the committee of one hundred?"

GEORGE GOULD TALKS.

An Interesting Interview with Him on Railroad Matters.

Detroit Free Press.

George Gould, accompanied by Charles M. Hays, general manager of the Wabash, spent several hours in the city yesterday, looking into Wabash affairs, in which he is largely interested. When questioned on railroad matters he expressed the opinion that they would continue depressed until employment of State and United States governments towards the roads changed and became less hostile. "For some years back," said Mr. Gould, "legislation in Kansas, Nebraska and other Western States has been directed against the railroads. They have been trying to legislate us out of existence all together, and the effect has been quite depressing. Until the attitude of these States changes I do not look for much advancement in railroad properties. The interstate-commerce law also works against us. It is a mistake to legislate against railroads in this way, for the prosperity of the country and that of the roads are very closely connected. In those days the railroads are prosperous the country is prosperous, and when railroads are depressed the country is depressed. The railroads are great consumers. They consume ties, lumber, steel, iron and other commodities in large quantities, and when they are doing well they keep these lines of trade active. But when they are not doing well they are forced to economize. They use less ties and lumber, making the lumber business dull; they use less steel, throwing the steel men out of employment; they order fewer locomotives, throwing machinists out of work, and they order fewer cars, making business dull for mechanics."

"The policy of legislators towards railroads has changed materially from what it was some years ago. In those days it was their object to encourage them in order to develop the country. Now the object seems to be to confiscate the property or render it of almost no value, and this feeling will have to change before railroad property will be relieved from its depressed condition."

"The silver question, of course, is having a depressing effect, and its settlement would be beneficial, but no lasting good can come until the government, both general and State, assume a less hostile attitude toward the railroads."

"My visit to Detroit is of no special importance. I have simply come to take a look at the Wabash property. I have bananas and down the street and am anxious to take a ride over it in daylight. I have been admiring your city and the new Port-street Union Depot, which I consider one of the finest in the country both in its fine appearance and great convenience of arrangement."

"Mr. Gould stated that business on the railroads in general was showing some improvement over that of a few weeks ago, although far behind that of the corresponding time last year. He leaves this morning for Chicago over the Wabash."

See display advertisement in this issue of Chicago excursion by the various named lines Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

A Sermon.
"They say best men are molded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the
For being a little bad."

We know this is not true; best men are made
By being first well born, then trained, as
well.

Because sometimes a crooked tree, with aid
And care grows straight again, shall we
then tell

The gardener to take no pains at first?
Some people have a notion that a man
Can never be a man, heroic, great,
Unless some time with puffing pride, he can
Point to his youthful follies and relate
Grim tales of how once he was "of the
boys."

We know men who are strong, and good,
and true,
Who never sowed wild oats nor planted
weeds.

And who when called upon to do
Self-sacrificing, brave and noble deeds,
Can do them greatly better than reformed
rakes.

Of virtues then let's say best men are
made,
And apt to better grow from day to day.
By striving to attain the highest grade.
Not throwing the best years of life away.
Trying to be bad in order to be good.

—May W. Donnan.

Too Young.
I am too young, my dear, too young—
Love is not for a maid like me;
The trembling lips and the whispering
tongue.

The trembling lips and the songs they
sung
Are only a memory!

I am too young, I have not known
The burden of care for a single day;
And all the glistering hours have flown
Unheeded and lost to that misty zone
In the dreams of the far away.

My thoughts have been as the birds that
fly
In the perfumed land of the morning sun,
Bathing their wings in the deep blue sky
And the shimmering mists of the clouds
that lie
In the realm of the Holy One.

And yet, in my foolish heart there reigns
A love as deep as the endless sea—
Sometime, somewhere, when the bright-
ness wanes

And only a dream of the past remains,
I'll trust it all with thee, my love,
I'll trust it all with thee!

—Charles F. Embree.

Your Fate.
Born on Monday,
Fair of face;
Full of God's grace;
Born on Tuesday,
Merry and glad;
Born on Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born on Friday,
Godly given;
Born on Saturday,
Work for a living;
Born on Sunday,
Never shall want;
So the week goes,
And the end of it.

—Old Superstitious.

The Autumn Lane.
A song for the autumn lane
Of turning up suns and pines,
Where the spider weaves a tremulous skin

ers, all sizes, including the extra large. You'd consider them a bargain at \$3 a suit.

UNDERWEAR.

At 25c each.

Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, crocheted necks, extra well finished, usually sold for 35c.

At 96c each.

Ladies' heavy Egyptian cotton Jersey Ribbed Union Suits, actually worth \$1.25.

LINENS.

For 10c each.

All-linen Huck Towels, size 17x33.

For 12½c each.

Hemmed Huck Linen Towels, size 18x30.

For 25c each.

The best Damask Towel with knotted fringe and open-work borders ever shown in the city.

GLOVES.

At 69c a pair.

Dollar quality Biarritz shopping Gloves, in black and colors, while they last, all sizes.

At \$1 a pair.

4-button driving Gloves in English Reds and Tans.

5-Hook Glace Kid Gloves in black and colors.

SHOES.

At \$1.59 a pair.

250 pairs Ladies' Dongola Button Shoes, plain, square and opera, patent tips, every pair worth \$2.

At \$3 a pair.

72 pairs Ladies' Goodyear Welt Button Shoes, very serviceable, just the thing for this season of the year—reduced from \$3.75.

At 79c a pair.

172 pairs Children's Kid Button and Lace Shoes, with patent leather tips and spring heels, actually worth \$1.15.

At 49c a pair.

400 pairs black cloth Overgaiters, would be considered good values at 75c elsewhere.

BASEMENT.

10-piece Decorated Toilet Set for \$2.49, worth much more.

10-inch Decorated Salad Bowl for 39c.

German China Punch Bowls only 49c.

Fancy Decorated Gold Band Sugar and Cream Sets for 49c.

World's Fair Souvenir Tumblers only 60c a dozen, regular price \$1.25.

Your choice of any variety of fall bulbs in stock for 5c a dozen.

Porcelain-lined kettles, 6-quart, 29c; 8-quart, 35c; 10-quart, 39c.

Dust pans that adjust to any broom, only 5c; regular price, 12c.

Heavy Copper rim Tea Kettles, No. 7, for 39c; No. 8 for 49c.

Fancy Decorated Chamber Pails for 23c each.

Large assortment of slightly soiled dolls at one-half regular prices.

THE LAST LOOK AT THE FAIR.

It was the morning of our last day. We entered by the Sixty-fourth-street gate and walked past Machinery Hall to the front of the Agricultural Building. It was very early, not more than a dozen people to be seen. The air was delightfully bracing and the atmosphere clear as in June. The MacMonnies fountain sparkled in the sun, and innumerable sparrows flew in and out among the figures with happy twitterings.

The graceful columns of the Peristyle gleamed white in the distance. The wooded island seemed an enchanted one, so still and beautiful it was.

We walked slowly through it and across to Manufacturers Hall. There were a few things we wished to feast our eyes upon for the last time—the Carrara marbles and the bronzes from France and Austria. The beauties! How we loved them! There were no more to be seen.

Mark Venable that we longed to own, but alas! We noticed how everyone, old and young, admired a certain chubby, sleeping boy in marble. Children would pat the feet, serious men would smile, and the women invariably said, "Isn't that the sweetest thing?"

We went for a few minutes to the Ceylon exhibit in the Woman's Building expressly to see a dainty little Cingalese. She was the prettiest woman in the building, with her fine features, shining eyes and teeth, skin like polished bronze, a profusion of silky hair artistically arranged, and a sweet, childlike smile.

It is given to us only a very few times in life to be really, blissfully happy. We had walked through many of the rooms in the Art Gallery, glancing for the pictures at the pictures, and the dear friends. It was about 8 o'clock; we had stopped near the center of the rotunda to be only a few paces from where we could see plainly through a long room the waters of the lagoon, and through another one of the most beautiful pictures in the whole collection: we were in the shadow of the Washington statue and surrounded by other statues of the Mexican band was playing the "Poet and Peasant" overture. We looked up into the air, and as the picture of the lagoon, we looked for the last time at our pet statue, the final strains of the overture were sounding in